

Solid block of unbaked barbarians in Germany, what the
good of our being
comparatively
civilized? So I read

Monk's House

Rodmell

near Leamington

Sussex

poor bewildered

Gerald Heard & turn from
him to Dickens - But?

must stop &

(25th Oct 39)

attended to black out for a
Labour Party meeting.

My dear Eddy

Thank
you
for writing
you

V.W.

It was nice of you to write to me
about the Wars. It's the only one
of my books that I can sometimes read
with pleasure. Not that I wrote it
with pleasure, but in a kind of
trance in to which I suppose I shall
never sink again. And a

word of praise from a reader

like you almost persuaded me

I could get back to that word
in note on the war. As it is,

I cling to Roger Fry & facts.

What are you doing? - writing

I mean? Did the diary ever take

make? I wish it would. I want some
fragmentary but natural voice to
break into the artificial bray to
which we're condemned. And I
believe its your form, & you could
use it.

NYPL

We're just back from a visit to
London - an incoherent & rather
terrifying visit - the flat half furnished, & all
our friends jangling like so many strained
wires.

I would have tried to see you,
had I known you were up. Could you

Come down here some time? I rather
think we shall stay here mostly. Leaving
London was like drawing the curtains -
finding it a fine day. The old
man who brings the milk is far more
better & companion than Kingsley

Martin & that ilk. My only
comfort lies in the obvious horror
we all feel for war: but then with a

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Monks House Rodmell Lewes. Subday 1st Dec. '40

My dear Eddy,

For give thus typing; but my hands are so cold this bitter morning out in the garden room that I cant move a pen.

Derrick Leon was in a furniture shop in Wigmore Street. He wrote a very good novel, Livingstones, about his life there; but later became a feeble copy of Proust and we couldnt go on publishing him. Hes a Jew; hardbitten; very competent. He was with Fortnum and Masons; then got tuberculosis; and now writes from some country cottage where he's recovering. I liked him; he was dark; inscrutable; but never knew much more about him. My impression was that hed got lost between two worlds; but might pull through.

I write with the usual air raid going on; distant droning; a bomb now and then. It is confusing as you say. Sometimes the country is so heavenly and reading and writing become so absorbing I'm very happy; then all at sea. Its like living on an island. Rodmell of course pulls us in to various societies; all very simple; Ive not seen a clever person this six months, save the family over the way. I daresay its good for one; but oh lord-- how bare and barren in many ways.

Our new flat being now a heap of glass and plaster, we have no home in London. Tavistock is hanging in the air too--I see my drawing room ~~panels~~ panels suspended over the rubble. And Nessa and Duncan are burnt out. So let us keep up this spider like conversation from time to time. Ben appeared the other day-- an odd sample of the young man cut adrift. Vita too. But shes firmly anchored and as adorable as ever.

Excuse this scribble. Every twig is about half ~~fxxxx~~ frost; Caburn hidden; and guns in the distance. Love from us both. Yours

VW.